

The African Elephants

Are to be Exterminated

To Protect the Settlers

The settlers near Port Elizabeth, Cape of Good Hope province, Africa, had not taken to establishing wonderful irrigation ditches and farms at this point, the elephants of Addo Bush still might look forward to attaining a ripe old age, say a hundred years or so, before they buried themselves quietly beneath the ooze of a tropical forest and went to the heaven of all good elephants.

But as it is, one of the greatest elephant hunts of modern times is about to be staged in Addo Bush, and unless Providence, in the shape of an imperial mandate from the British Empire or some similarly august proclamation, intervenes, my lord the elephant will roam no more in the forests of South Africa.

Civilization has crept up and around and about in Cape of Good Hope province until now it has made its last demand upon the wilds, and that demand is that the wild elephant shall be exterminated. The provincial council has listened to the demand and has decreed that the Addo Bush elephants must go.

Strolling out of his forest in Addo Bush, where for years he has dwelt in freedom under the protection of the British Government, the big fellow has discovered the pleasing works of the settlers.

In the first place, there were delightful mud and water baths in long rows in every direction.

Now, an elephant likes bathing as well as any human being, and he loves wallowing in the mud. Naturally, on discovering the splendid series of baths which the diligent settlers had opened for irrigation ditches, the herd of elephants residing in Addo Bush took advantage of the find.

They bathed in the irrigation ditches and wallowed in the soft mud, and incidentally they broke down the dams, in the construction of which the settlers had toiled for many weary weeks. After they had gone back to the forests the settlers crept out from their homes and looked ruefully at the damage. It was a case of rebuilding dams and redigging ditches many, many times.

But this isn't all the fun that the elephants of Addo Bush have had with the settlers.

When by dint of faithful tending, weeding and watering their crops the settlers were beginning to dream of a big harvest and a balance in the bank they were likely to awake some fine morning to find that somebody had been in the melon patch.

And it wasn't a boy or a pack of boys who could be scared off by an irate farmer.

It was My Lord the Elephant, who was romping and raging about over the green patch which had cost so many patient hours, scrunching up the delicious fruit which was to have been gathered that very day, perhaps, for transfer to the port and then to a hungry Europe.

An elephant can get away with a lot of fruit of all sorts. He also likes green vegetables of any kind. He is very adaptable when it comes to diet. The great creatures even like berries of ordinary size and will most painstakingly devour several tons of them in their patient determination to get a full meal at any cost of time and trouble.

So that is what the South African farmer had against the elephants of Addo Bush. They are a protected herd, between one hundred and two hundred in number, and they have long occupied a forest reserve of about six thousand acres in the heart of the bush, a district that until comparatively recent years was regarded as possessing little farming value. It was mostly scrub land, waterless and not fenced off. The farms that were developed there seemed of little value. But recently irrigation from Sunday's River has greatly increased the fertility of the farms, and this development has increased the losses suffered by the settlers from the depredations of their gigantic neighbors and has aroused them to a determination to win the consent of the Government to their destruction.

A committee which investigated the matter found that it would take thirteen miles of fencing to enclose the elephant's preserve and that this would not solve the problem. They would have to be provided with water, as there would not be sufficient within the enclosure, and it is probable that the enclosure would be partially fed also. It is more than doubtful if the enclosure would provide enough natural food. And even if \$100,000 were spent for a fence and a system of watering and feeding established at great expense to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope, still the elephants would not be free forest animals any more. They would be simply park ornaments, pitiful survivors of the great race which once trooked so boldly and freely through forest and marsh.

The Addo Bush elephants are said by some scientists to be about the only surviving examples of a distinct variety. The characteristics are very large ears, a strongly arched forehead, short forelegs and a very hairy body. The African elephant has two nearly equal prehensile lips, forming the margin of the proboscis. It has only three toes on the hind foot. A very important distinction is in the conformation of the trunk, which looks as if it were made of a number of graduated segments instead of tapering smoothly, as in the case of the Asiatic elephant. In size the African elephant often surpasses the Asiatic elephant, reaching a height of twelve feet at the shoulders. The circumference of the forefoot is one-half the height of the shoulders.

Mrs. J. Wallace has sold her residence and adjoining land in Athens to Mr. Eaton, New York, a retired gentleman. Mrs. Eaton is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. L. King and they intend taking up residence in Athens in the near future.

On Saturday the death occurred of one of the highly respected residents of Elizabethburg, James B. Johnson. He had been ill for a few days of pneumonia.

MORE BIRDS IN ENGLAND.

British Isles Swarming With Them After Year of Absence.

One part of the population of the British Isles has increased out of all reckoning since the spring, says an English exchange. When winter was over the birds were whittled down to the smallest company known since 1882. In some places a small bird was almost an event. The frosts had killed in multitudes both native birds and winter migrants.

To-day the countryside swarms with native birds. The nesting season was ideal, and seldom, if ever, were so many big clutches successfully reared. Some birds had produced two families before the drought broke, and are producing a third.

There are fruit growers who were prophesying terrible plagues owing to the absence of birds, but are now saying that they wonder whether too many caterpillars are not a lesser evil than too many birds. It is hard, though you know the benefit is greater than the loss, to see your raspberries vanishing as they ripen.

A rather inexplicable fact may be noted in respect of some of the summer visitors. In general they have been very numerous, but there were exceptions, of which the most notable was the apparent absence of flycatchers. They have now unaccountably reappeared in many haunts where they had been missed. Was there a late migration or did the birds prove more than their usual skill in evading destructive frosts.

Back to Topper.

From the town of Hyde, part of a district near Manchester, where for many years hat making has been carried on, says the London Morning Post, a correspondent sends the following:

The silk hatting industry has been spoken of by ill-informed writers as a decadent trade, but so remarkable has been its revival of late that old men who had gone into retirement in the Denton and Stockport districts are being asked to come back and give the trade the benefit of what little productive energy they possess. There is talk in hatting circles in the Manchester district of a special new brand of topper, to be called the "Victory Derby" in commemoration of the great event lately, when nearly every man on the stand at Epsom on Derby day, from the King downwards, appeared in orthodox dress with a new-style silk hat.

Those who have noticed the trend of the fashions in men's headgear cannot have missed the tendency of late years to follow the continental style in both silks, bowlers and straw. The lower conical-shaped crown of the silk hat has replaced the pre-war style, which had a noticeable curve like a bell, and observant people can detect the French shape here, just as they can in the higher crown, very slight and only perceptible because the crown is higher than before — of the straw hat of the better quality.

The bowler has changed its shape since 1915 perhaps oftener than any other, but until now it has had a distinctly continental touch, with its higher and more rounded crown and curled brim, which gives a distinguished appearance to a tall man.

So very busy have manufacturers been with the soft felt hats and velour hats that they have rejected all attempts to change the shapes and styles in them, but some slight alteration may be looked for next year.

There is a story going the round of the trade that a special "Peace" hat is soon to be placed on the market. It would not be a surprise to men in the trade if the first head to wear one of these new hats were the King's. It would not be the first time His Majesty had set the fashion in hats and caused a boom in a particular line. Some years ago a Stockport firm submitted an advance sample hat to the King. He was seen in it, and, of course, photographed at a big social function.

Queen Elizabeth's Wardrobe.

The wardrobe of Queen Elizabeth, according to an inventory just handed down, rivalled that of any of the present-day movie stars. A list of her clothing at one time included 99 robes, 126 kirtles, 269 gowns, 136 foreparts, 125 petticoats, 96 cloaks, 85 doublets, 83 safeguards and 18 lap mantles. Designers fashioned her gowns from the richest materials, including gold tissue, crimson satin, cloth of gold, cloth of silver, white velvet, drake-colored satin, dove-colored velvet, lady blush satin and mantles of white plush striped with swan's down. She had all of these kinds and many more.

A description of one of her characteristic dresses is: A forepart of white satin, embroidered very fair with borders of the sun, moon and other signs and planets of Venice; gold, silver and silk of sundry colors, with an embroidered border of beans beneath. She carried a fan with white feathers and with a gold handle set with precious stones. Her slippers were made of cloth of silver embroidered with seed pearls. She wore a parol of crimson velvet damask, striped with Venetian gold and silver lace, with a handle of mother-of-pearl.

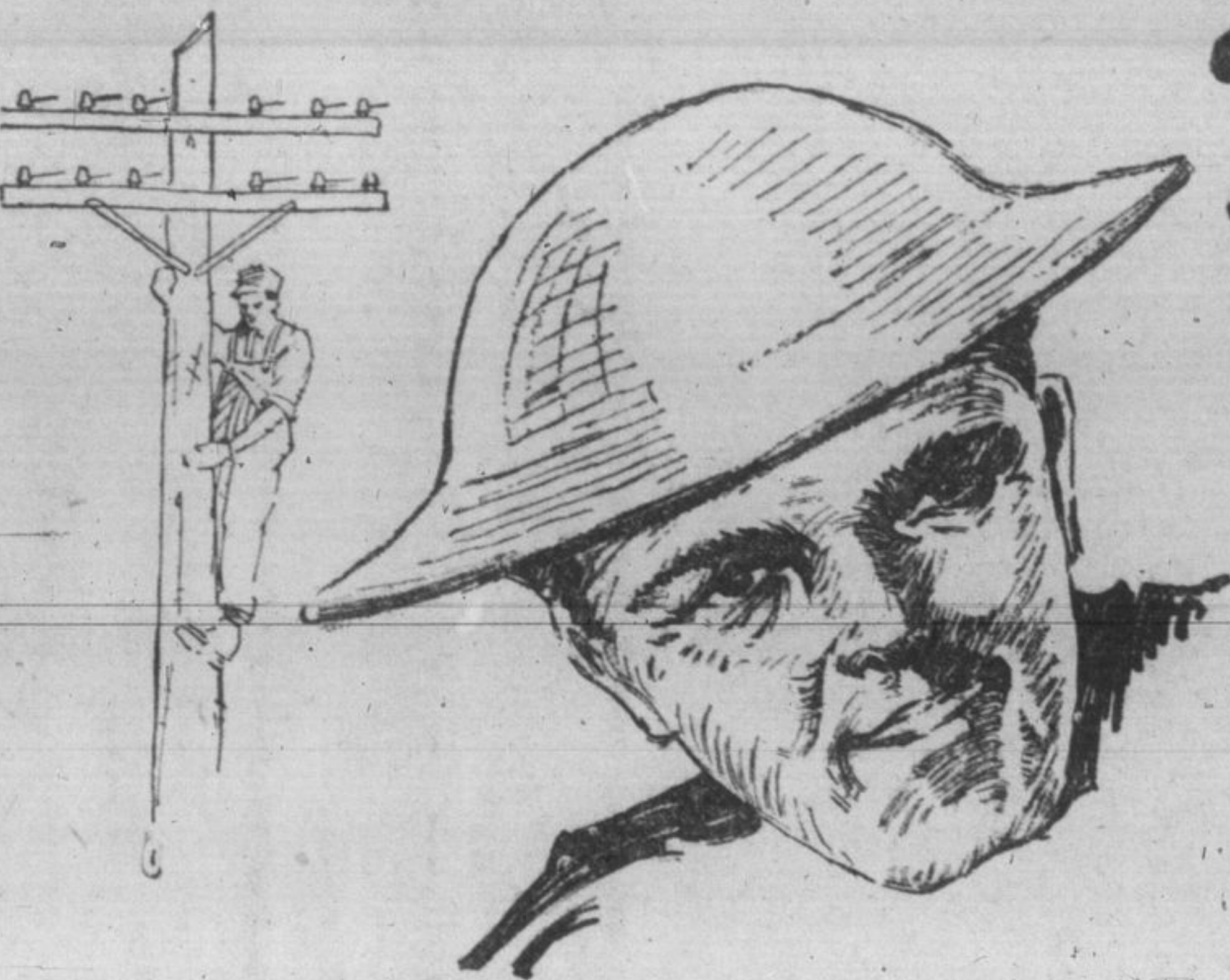
Moving in Prayer.

An eminent divine is responsible for the story that when he was a boy he heard the deacons at his father's house discussing the merits of their respective ministers. After many had spoken one old elder said: "Was our minister gives so much attention to his farm and orchard that we get pretty poor sermons; but he's mighty movin' in prayer in caterpillar and canker-worm time."

Comprehensive.

English rector (to parishioner)— Good morning, Thompson. I hear you have a son and heir. Parishioner— Yes, sir; our household now represents the United Kingdom. Rector— How so? Parishioner— Why, you see, I am English, my wife's Irish, the nurse is Scotch, and the baby walls.

Benjamin H. Trotter, arrested at Perth two weeks ago and brought to Pembroke on a charge of bigamy, was convicted. He married in Montreal, and subsequently deserted his wife. Some few years ago he went to the north country where he met a young girl named Lillian Fleurba, to whom he was afterwards married in Pembroke. As there were extenuating circumstances in the case Trotter was given two months' imprisonment.



"JIM"



JIM was a lineman before the war. It was difficult to find a uniform broad enough across the shoulders for him when he "joined up" in 1914.

Jim found army discipline hard at first, but picked up the "war business" very quickly. He was one of the first of the "trench raiders," a Canadian contribution to the art of warfare. Jim seemed to bear a charmed life. Time after time in the dead of night Jim jumped into a German trench, spreading fear and disaster, and returned safe and sound.

But one fell night his luck gave out. He stepped into a stream of machine-gun bullets. When consciousness came to him again, far in the rear of our lines, he was horrified to find his right leg missing.

During the ensuing months Jim's progress was — Clearing Station, — Boulogne, — "Blighty" and Home—Canada!

The shock of the operation left Jim pretty weak for a time. He was content to sit idly in a chair in the sun. But this grew tiresome after a bit. When he began to think about getting back to work he realized that a lineman with an artificial leg was rather impractical. That was his trade. He had spent years at it. And now he was barred from following it.

At this critical juncture, the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment came forward and with knowledge and experience pointed the way out.

After long and earnest discussion, it was mutually decided that the nearest thing to his old trade was that of a telegrapher despatcher. If Jim couldn't any more string wires on the poles he could learn to send

the messages over the wires that the other fellow put up. So under the direction of the D.S.C.R. telegraph instructor Jim studied and perfected himself as an operator. This accomplished, the D.S.C.R. quickly found him a position.

Jim is all right now. He's contented as only a man who works can be contented. He is earning more money than before. His enthusiasm is high for the D.S.C.R., which gave him the training whereby he is again an independent and prosperous citizen. After all, it was for Canada that Jim fought and suffered — and Canada is only too eager to repay Jim and every man impaired in body or health through service to his country.

The records of the Department of Soldiers' Civil Re-establishment contain endless details in the matter of re-training ex-soldiers—a disabled farm laborer is now a machinist; a carpenter who lost four fingers on his right hand is now a draughtsman at a good salary; a former plasterer is now a printer. So it goes—a long and interesting record of men deprived of limbs or impaired in health—equipped with training and knowledge, now following new and suitable trades.

This great nation-wide organization of the D.S.C.R. requires a considerable expenditure. To meet its expenses a part of the Victory Loan 1919 is to be used. But its maintenance, until every disabled ex-soldier is fitted with a vocation enabling him to earn for himself an adequate and independent living, is one of the most sacred obligations that Canada has to discharge. Support to the limit of your ability—the

Table with 2 columns: Category and Value. Includes Vocational, Medical, and Information and Service sections.

VICTORY LOAN 1919

"Every Dollar Spent in Canada"

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.

A second loan at 4 per cent, has been floated by the Czech-Slovakia Government. A fund, already amounting to \$6,000,000, is being raised at Buenos Aires to fight Bolshevism. English college girls are taking up a collection as a patriotic diversion.

The Winnipeg street car men advised the street railway company that if the back pay provided for in the Nether award was not paid by Tuesday night, they would strike Wednesday. Alfred Deakin, former premier of Australia, died on Tuesday.

To combat smuggling the German Government has instituted a system of control on the border of the whole territory occupied by the Allies. General Denikine's troops are now within thirty miles of Orel, on their way to Moscow. Bolshevists are surrendering in large numbers. President Wilson's improvement continues. His appetite is decidedly better and he is sleeping well. Sydney, N. S. Wales, assembly announces an increase in living wages from \$14.40 to \$15.00 a week. France now has about 2,000,000 more women than there are men.

The scarcity of school teachers this year will be greater than ever before, owing to the smallness of the Average salary aid them. Owing to the recent trouble at Trau, Jugo-Slavs are destroying Italian property and maltreating Italian subjects there.